

## THE BELDING BANNER-NEWS

(The Belding Banner, established 1889)  
(The Belding News, established 1895)  
(Consolidated May 21, 1918)

Published every Wednesday afternoon  
by the Banner Publishing Co.,  
Belding, Michigan.

Ed. D. Engemann H. M. Engemann  
Editors and Publishers.

Entered into the Belding, Michigan Post Office  
as second-class matter.

Subscription Postpaid  
One year in advance \$1.50  
Six months in advance .75  
Three months in advance .40  
Canadian, one year in advance 2.00

Advertising  
Display rates on application. Card of thanks,  
one cent a word. Business locals, on  
first page, 12 1/2 cents a line.



Long May It Wave



HUBERT M. ENGEMANN  
CORP. FRANCIS J. MAGIN  
CORP. CLARENCE C. BAILEY

"Let us then stand by the constitution as it  
is, and by our country as it is, one, united,  
and entire; let it be a truth engraven on our  
hearts; let it be a truth on the flag under which  
we rally in every exigency, that we have one  
country, one constitution, one destiny."—Daniel  
Webster.

**Surprised Departing Draftee.**  
People sometimes hear someone  
make the remark, "Well, no one can  
surprise me," and then how often that  
very one is greatly surprised when  
some occasion arises. This was the  
case Friday evening, July 12, when  
about 125 friends and neighbors gathered  
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A.  
Frost of Keene to surprise their son,  
Leon, who left July 14 on a special  
draft to study mechanical work at  
Valparaiso. Leon has now come to  
the conclusion that he can be sur-  
prised as the party was a complete  
success along that line. The first  
part of the evening was spent in visit-  
ing and about 11 o'clock Walter Hig-  
gins tuned up his violin and dancing  
followed which was enjoyed by young  
and old alike. Shortly after mid-  
night a bounteous lunch was served.  
With the approach of dawn the guests  
bade farewell and departed for home  
declaring Mr. and Mrs. Frost a fine  
host and hostess. Leon was the  
recipient of a purse of \$15 and several  
other mementos of the occasion. All  
the neighborhood extend their best  
wishes to him for a successful future.

## BELDING BOYS ARE THERE AND READY TO GO OVER THE TOP

(Continued From Page One.)

Robert Reeves, who is editor of  
"The Bulletin" range periodical at the  
U. S. Naval range at Glen Burnie, Md.  
writes a very interesting letter to his  
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Reeves  
of Cook's Corners, describing a trip  
which he, together with Hubert and  
Martin Engemann, took on July 5.

His letter is as follows:  
Baltimore, Md., July 7, 1918.

Dear Parents and Brothers:  
I have been sleeping nearly the  
whole afternoon here in the city Y.  
M. C. A. reading room and so ought  
to have a clear idea or two to write.  
Our camp schedule of rising at 5:30  
a. m. and taps at 10:00 p. m. makes it  
difficult to get as much sleep as some  
would like and then I did not complete  
my July 4 celebration until 2:00 a. m.  
July 5, getting up at 4:45 to catch  
car back to camp.

I spent one of the most profitable  
4th's of my life. We had long want-  
ed to visit the capital again as only a  
small portion of the historic things  
in Washington may be seen in a day.  
We carried out our purpose of get-  
ting an early start but the poor train  
connections and crowded cars prevent-  
ed us reaching the capital before 11  
a. m. We went first to the White  
house, walked around it; held inter-  
esting conversations with the guards  
about getting in to see the president  
but without much satisfaction. We  
compromised by telling the guard to  
say "hello" to the president when he  
saw him.

We ate a Washington dinner with-  
out noticing any difference between it  
and any other dinner as we are all  
eating patriotically these days, in  
other words, less.

Our plan was to go out to Mt. Ver-  
non and hear the president's address  
of the day. But when arriving at the  
R. R. station there was such a mob  
lined up for tickets and having simi-  
lar plans to our own that we realized  
the impossibility of all of us going.  
But it takes a Northern Yank to steer  
himself through and eliminate the  
reddish tape. So we found to our  
satisfaction that buying tickets was  
largely red tape, that the principle  
thing to do was to board a car or  
bust. I for one, nearly did the lat-  
ter in attempting the former, as we  
had to climb up the rear end of the  
car.

The landscape along the Potomac  
presents a very beautiful scene; the  
land is quite rolling is generally cul-  
tivated or pastured.

There is a deal of fruit and vegeta-  
ble, oats, corn and hay grown  
here and appeared in good condition.  
We entered the historic country  
seat through the wonderfully luxur-  
iant garden where Washington, it is  
said, used to spend most of his leis-  
ure time and from there passed along  
the walk leading to the rear of the  
mansion, passing on the way the but-  
ler's house, the schoolhouse, the ex-  
clusiveness of the colonial educa-  
tion; the spinning house the garden-  
er's house and the office house, all in  
the same condition as it was 100  
years ago.

Entering the rear of the house, we

walked through the sitting room or  
parlor as we call it, furnished in a  
distinctive English style with the iron  
grate, hearth, mantle piece, sketches  
of the Washington country seat in  
England, his ancestor's paintings,  
gifts from Lafayette, among which  
I was especially elated over being  
the key to the Sing Sing of Paris dur-  
ing the Bourbon dynasty, the Bastille  
and a clay model of the latter.

The old clock on the mantle was  
still ticking off the seconds and the  
chairs, tables and all made one feel  
himself a guest in the home that used  
to be. The room extended to the  
front side of the house and we stepped  
out on the broad porch with the high  
pillars and crossed to the next door  
which entered probably the family  
living room, adjoining the music room.  
In the former Washington's sword  
hang on the wall, heavy long, semi-  
circular blades that none short of a  
near giant would carry. I was im-  
pressed with the portion of Washing-  
ton's will bequeathing his sword,  
which was in substance: "Let not  
these swords ever be unsheathed in  
the shedding of blood without a just  
provocation which demands their use  
in the protection of those liberties  
they have helped to bring to our coun-  
try and then only in a manner befit-  
ting our national ideals." The fur-  
niture of this room was unique; old  
cushioned low seated chairs, daven-  
ports, etc. In the music room were  
the harpsicord, another name for the  
old-fashioned organ, and low backed  
organ stool; Washington's flute, etc.  
We were so rushed for time, only half  
the things could be more than glanced  
at.

We passed the fire place on way to  
the next room back, the library. Here  
as has been almost universally true  
of homes where the leaders of the  
great democratic crusade of the  
modern era have been reared, the  
family bible and especially the moth-  
er's prayer book held the place of  
prominence, was the most soiled and  
altogether revealed the character of  
the great Washington. The bible,  
very much worn, was opened to the  
place of entering the names and that  
of George Washington was quite legi-  
ble.

The books on the shelves were few  
in number compared with modern li-  
braries, but showed that the "Father  
of his Country" understood what  
books were meant for as they, too,  
were far more shelf-worn. They  
were the source of Washington's deep  
laid convictions of social justice and  
private integrity. They showed that  
they were not his possessions but his  
companions for both his inspiration  
and his general knowledge.

We passed through the library to  
the rear of the house again and walk-  
ed down the walk toward the barn,  
just beyond the smoke house, the  
coach shed, etc., and on down to the  
foot of the hill where the crowd was  
already gathered to listen to the third  
greatest exponent of christian democ-  
racy deliver his country's verdict to  
the medieval despot. I was unable  
to hear his words catching only  
"There can be no compromise. But  
I could occasionally see his face and  
could read there the deathless deter-  
mination and unflinching determination  
of an idealist whose spirit has been  
aroused from its natural and humane  
course, and is forcibly reverting to

the unnatural and harrowing ordeals  
of barbarous warfare. The face was  
one that revealed an infinite willing-  
ness to bear that burden, one of per-  
fect poise, and with the fearlessness  
of a crusader, but yet careworn, con-  
scious of responsibility of his exalted  
station.

We watched him pass down to the  
landing with alert step and pleasant  
greetings to the crowd of people,  
standing by the water's edge where  
he boarded the Mayflower, his private  
yacht, returned to the tomb heavily  
laden with floral offerings of the rep-  
resentative peoples whose debt to  
our nation's founder they can never  
repay. The tomb in keeping with the  
general nature of the place is not  
magnificent except in modesty and  
simplicity. The place seemed the  
more hallowed by the tomb's nearness  
to the estate.

The impression one gets is that no  
one reared in the atmosphere and  
surroundings such as these could fail  
to react in some measure to them.  
The view of the broad Potomac as a  
high open and commanding one with  
the call of the wild distinctly evident,  
even the luring of the sea cannot but  
be inspired as the white sailed ships  
glide past on their way to the ocean.  
Here, if anywhere, all the native  
gifts and elements of a nature fun-  
damentally noble would find ample  
room for expansion.

I was alone to leave the place with  
so hurried a view of it all and so  
meager a knowledge of all these his-  
toric relics. I managed to be one to  
get a good cold drink of water from  
the same kitchen where George must  
have gone after riding the wild colt.

We passed through Alexandria on  
way back and saw church where  
Washington and Lee were buried.

Of all my travels since coming here  
this was one of the finest trips even  
if it did take until 2 a. m. to get back  
to Baltimore.

"The Bulletin" comes out a week  
from Monday so this will be a busy  
time for me. May try to get a fur-  
lough soon.

Wrote to get your letters. Sent  
"Bulletin" to Uncle George. Sent  
"Bulletin" to Mart and Hub went to  
Mt. Vernon with me? Must say good  
night. Love.

P. S.—Mart and I were given an  
auto ride into the hills of Maryland  
Tuesday night. Had a different im-  
pression of the country down here  
driven home to us.

Mrs. A. W. Simmons has received a  
letter from her son, Lynn, who  
enlisted some time ago. Lynn com-  
plains somewhat on not getting  
enough to eat. His letter is as fol-  
lows:

Dear Mother:  
I expect you are anxious to hear  
from me because I have not written  
for a long time.  
I am in England now, quite a long  
distance from home.  
It was a very long ride across the  
Atlantic; one day there was a storm  
and it was quite rough. We did not  
get very good things to eat on the  
boat; one day all the fellows in my  
company went up on deck and started  
a rumper, when we did get a little  
better. About half of the fellows  
sick. Harmon was quite sick but  
did not let it show. I thought I  
thought I would any time. The boat  
came over on as a freight boat  
fixed up for soldiers; it wasn't very  
nice. We saw a lot of whales and  
other kinds of fish; we saw some  
jelly fish, flying fish; they looked  
like little swallows.

When we first started out it was  
very foggy for two or three days.  
There were more boats besides our  
own that came over with us.

We saw the city of — and the  
city of Winchester. The trains are  
very much different than ours. They  
are very short; the freight cars are  
about 20 feet long and have only four  
wheels; they look like a toy train.

It rains about every day here, but  
not very hard; the place where we  
are is on a hill; about 30 fellows  
in our shack; we have to sleep on  
boards for a bed; a lot of the fellows  
got covered with lice, me with the  
lice.

We don't get any more to eat than  
we want now; about every guy in our  
company weighs about 10 pounds less  
than we did when we were in the U. S.  
Lyle will be very lucky if he don't  
have to go to France.

We have not been to France but we  
will be there before this letter reaches  
you.

We saw an old church that was  
850 years old; it has the old kings  
and queens buried in it.

All the English people were very  
glad to see the U. S. soldiers come  
over to fight; a lot of the girls and  
women gave us milk and things to eat  
when we went through the cities.

This country is very much different  
than U. S. The fields are very green  
— they don't have any fences here;  
they watch their sheep just like they  
did in olden days.

It don't get dark here till about 11  
o'clock and it gets light about 2 in  
the morning and have cold nights and  
warm days.

When you are eating dinner we are  
eating supper here; about six hours  
difference in time.

I could write a whole book full but  
we don't dare tell anything any more  
so I can't write very much.

I guess Earl is in Ft. Dupont yet,  
he did not want to go to France very  
bad and I am sure I don't think very  
much of it myself; lots of the guys  
want to go to France but when they  
get this far they change their minds.

I suppose dad is still in the paper  
business and painting houses.

How are Ethel and Ed. getting  
along on the farm? Has Roy gone  
to France yet? I had a bunch of  
Y. M. C. A. men and a lot of Red  
Cross nurses on one of the ships and  
I thought he might have been on one  
of them. I would like to be in Beld-  
ing. I could go fishing with some  
of my friends. I would rather work  
in Belding-Hall and have the good  
old meals I got at home than to own  
the whole of England and all the peo-  
ple in it.

I can't tell anything more this time  
but I will write again when I get in  
France, so will close.

From your loving son,  
Lynn F. Simmons,  
Battery D, 2 T. M. B., A. E. F., via  
New York.

Mrs. Ed. King has received another  
letter from her son, Chas. King, which  
is as follows:  
Somewhere in France, June 21, 1918.

Dear Mother:  
Just a few lines to you this evening.  
I am feeling fine and enjoy my work.

I am working in the office and driv-  
ing ambulance once in awhile. Well,  
how are you all feeling nowadays?  
Has Augusta got back to Belding yet?  
I have not heard from anyone in so  
long I don't know if they are dead or  
alive.

Well, is Ollie still working for the  
Adams Express company? If he is  
and you ever see him, tell him I said  
hello and I will be back soon to help  
them again. You know I don't ex-  
pect this war to last over another  
year or so, so you see I'll be back in  
a short time. Well, Mother, no kid-  
ding, I don't think it will last more  
than six months more at least I hope  
not as I am ready to come any time  
now. I'll say things are somewhat  
different here than over there and  
the world will tell you there is not one  
but what will be glad to see the old  
U. S. A. again. But there is a lot  
to do yet as the Hun are a long ways  
from being licked yet, but I think we  
have got them on the wing from the  
way the papers talk but I think the  
papers here are just about as truthful  
as in the U. S. but I do think we know  
a whole lot more about the war than  
folks at home, anyway you'll  
think so when we get there and tell  
what we know and what we have  
seen; we'll make the people think  
they didn't even know there was a  
war. Well, I suppose you are getting  
tried of war talk so I'll change the  
subject and talk about the weather.  
It has been raining here off and on  
for the last three days but I don't  
mind that as it is the first time I have  
seen any since the first day I got in  
France and believe me it sure did  
rain that day and we had to walk  
about two miles in it. (Oh, it is a  
great life if you don't weaken.) But  
we wouldn't care if it rained every  
day if the rain would end the war;  
it seems as if they fight the hardest  
when it rains, any way the guns  
sound worse.

Now and then they put a nice little  
barrage over to let us know they are  
still fighting; they keep us awake  
about two-thirds of the night and then  
have a heart and let us sleep the rest  
of the time until morning.

Well, Mother, the supply sergeant  
wants to use the machine so I'll close  
for this time, hoping to hear from you  
soon, I remain, your loving son,  
Pvt. Chas. E. King,  
Evac. Amb. Co., Prov. No. 1, A. E. F.

The following is a short, snappy let-  
ter from Archie Gray, a Smyrna boy,  
son of Mrs. Mary Gray. Archie is  
well known around here and up until  
the time when he and Frank Hub-  
bard, a Cook's Corners boy, son of  
Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Hubbard, en-  
listed last November, worked for John  
L. Morse. Archie's letter, while not  
very long, was written to Mr. and  
Mrs. B. J. Storey and tells a great  
deal in the few lines, which are as  
follows:

Somewhere in France, June 25, 1918  
Dear Friends:

I will take the pleasure of writing  
you today as I am off from duty and  
have a fairly good place to write. I  
can't say much but to let you know  
I am well and hope this will find you  
all the same.

Well, I have been in the trenches  
and seen the first of the blood shed  
and it is hell; there are lots of rats  
there and at night you would think  
there was a lot of horses running around  
out in front of you. And they made  
me bring my rifle up a lot of times  
thinking that some— you know what  
was coming but would take another  
look and see what it was. I can't  
tell you much of the life of war now  
but hope I can in a short time.

I can't think of much more I can  
write, but you write as often as you  
can.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am  
as ever, your friend,  
Archie Gray,  
Co. D, 126th Inf., A. E. F. France.

Mrs. Anna Moon is also in receipt  
of a letter from her son, Kenneth  
Moon, who was one of the first of the  
local boys to enlist when this nation  
went into the great world war. His  
letter follows:

Camp Bullis, Lon Springs, Texas,  
July 4, 1918.

Dearest Mother:  
Well you should really give me a  
terrible bawling out because I have  
not written before but we have been  
in three places since I last wrote and  
don't know where we are going to  
stay.

I am at Lon Springs, Texas, the  
name of the camp is Camp Bullis; it  
is situated among the mountains and  
is sure a very beautiful and pictur-  
esque place; the hills are full of  
(Continued on Page Five)

Real Estate

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9 ROOM HOUSE one block from  
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on this.

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first, for essential uses, as that term may be defined from to  
time by the priorities division of the Industries Board, or,  
second, under permits in writing signed by the Director of  
Steel Supply; that I will make no sale or delivery from my  
stock to any customer before his filing with me a similar  
pledge in writing, and that I will use my utmost endeavor  
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This pledge must be signed by owner or officer of Com-  
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Signed, Belding Hardware Co.

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